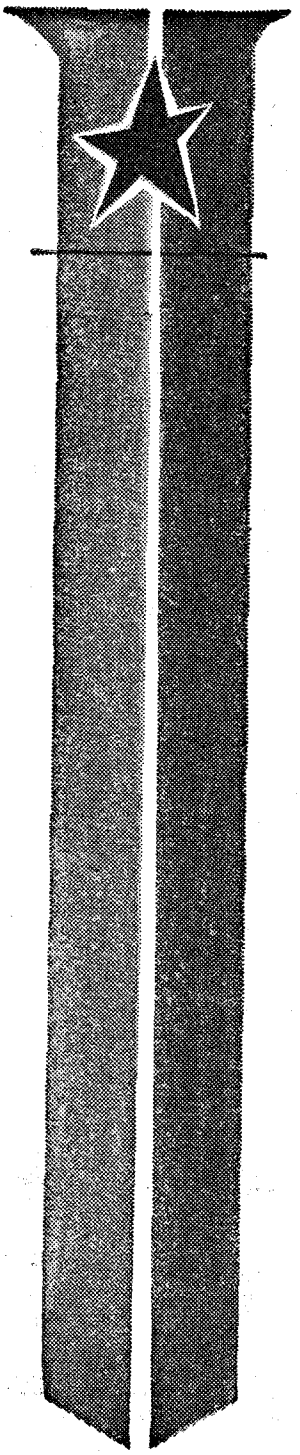
THE
NATION

October 5, 1963 . . 35c



Unexamined Contradiction

American Plants Abroad

Frank Kowalski

'SNICK'

THE BATTLE-SCARRED YOUNGSTERS

Howard Zinn

PTA: Irrelevant Giant

William C. Kvaraceus

The Aesthetics of Failure (Paris)

Max Kozloff

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LETTERS

Model review

Syracuse, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Hayden Carruth's review (in the June 15 issue) of Evan S. Connell, Jr.'s *Notes from a Bottle Found on the Beach at Carmel* seems to me a truly model review of a book that any reviewer must find next to impossible to say right things about. He says what I take to be *all* the right things; but even did I disagree with him, I think I could only admire the full commitment and thick information which comes through.

Philip Booth

Who's the demon?

Winter Park, Fla.

Dear Sirs: David Cort's assignment of the role of the arch-demon to Arthur A. Houghton, Jr. in a conspiracy to defraud the Cooper Union Museum for the benefit of the Metropolitan Museum (*The Nation,* Sept. 7, 1963) is one of the most absurd canards I have read in a long time. As the former president of the Cooper Union over a period of twenty-two years, I am only too well aware of the problem of supporting the Museum vis-à-vis meeting the overriding demands of the flourishing undergraduate programs, the library and the adult forums. The charter of the Cooper Union, of which your writer seems to be quite ill informed, provided only for tuition-free instruction in technology and in art, a reading room and an associate group that might carry on a lecture program. The Museum for the Arts of Decoration, organized by the granddaughters of Peter Cooper some forty years after the Cooper Union opened its doors, is outside of the basic framework of this charter. . . .

There were many times during my long administration when the problem of what to do about the museum arose. We tried for years to stimulate interest in the community for its support, but to no avail. . . .

The implication that "Edwin S. Burdell was shuffled off to a technical university in Ankara" is a shabby inference. I anticipated my retirement by several years in order to accept the thrilling challenge of the Turkish Government, the UN and the U.S. State Department to help the Turks establish a regional center of learning in the Middle East modeled after American technological universities. . . .

Skipping over other errors, innuendoes and name calling, to the close of your article, a glaring erroneous statement is made that the Cooper Union is given certain funds annually by the City of New York and hence liable to be held to account in court. Like all other private colleges, it enjoys tax exemption. Beyond that, it has never received a dollar from the city, state or federal government.

Finally, it seems to me unfortunate that an internal matter of institutional policy has been handled in your journal, not in terms of accurate and objective news reporting, but in the style of the yellow journalism of the turn of the century. I would expect something better from *The Nation.*

Edwin S. Burdell
Dean, Rollins College

Warren, Conn.

Dear Sirs: My hands are bruised and numb from the loud applause I have given to David Cort's article in the Sept. 7 issue. But that is something that I always do when I read an article by him because he is one of the people who have not been changed by racket and conformity and still can think.

Arthur Upham Pope
The Survey of Persian Art

Voice of The Nation

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: I have appreciated your magazine this past year and generally found myself agreeing with your articles. Nevertheless, I am tired of your pose of being alone against injustice and stupidity. It may be good for the ego to believe that you are the only St. George . . . but it is unrealistic.

Typical of this attitude was the opening sentence of your August 24 editorial, "Where Democracy Ends": "The United States, as every reader of the press is assured almost every day, is an almost perfect democracy. . . ." Both the press in this city and in my home town (in up-state New York, which is hardly a hotbed of liberals) have been busy pointing up the faults of this country. Every magazine, even the more conservative, has contained articles on how our democracy is not perfect. . . . Your reading of the press must be restricted to the far Right—but then, they don't believe in democracy anyway, so they wouldn't be advocating it. . . .

Please discontinue this stance of Lone Crusader.

Dorothy E. Wynne

New York City

Dear Sirs: You defended the teacher's right to strike in your editorial ("Society's Scapegoat") in the Sept. 21 issue.

As a teacher—thank you very much. Your magazine has been the lone voice to defend a basic right for the most basic of professions. *Robert Little*

THE NATION

Saturday, October 5, 1963
Volume 197, No. 10

In this issue

EDITORIALS

189

ARTICLES

191 Irish Winds of Change
Carey McWilliams

193 SNICK: The Battle-Scarred Youngsters
Howard Zinn

197 American Plants Abroad
Frank Kowalski

200 P.T.A.: The Irrelevant Giant
William C. Kvaraceus

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

202 The Aesthetics of Failure
Max Kozloff

203 Complicity with Spengler
Martin Peretz

204 Current Titles of Interest to *Nation* Readers

205 Letter from Saigon

207 Music: European Report II
Benjamin Boretz

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 208)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts
Marion Hess, Assistant to the Editors
Harold Clurman, Theatre
Max Kozloff, Art
Benjamin Boretz, Music
Carl Dreher, Science
A. R. Ammons, Poetry
Jane Stolle, United Nations
Alexander Werth, Europe
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

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Back copies

New York City

Dear Sirs: I should be glad to give the following copies of *The Nation* to anyone who would care to have them. I will pay the postage if they are to go outside the country: Almost all the copies from 1960 through 1963 (to date). *Lucille Cohen*
210 East 26 St.

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The Quick and the Dead

Quintuplets were born in Aberdeen, S.D., and the nation rejoiced at a phenomenon which occurs only once in 54 million births. Gifts poured in from all parts of the country; the children, if they live, will probably become wards of the state; Aberdeen will become as famous as Callender, Ontario. At about the same time, four little girls of viable age were slain in a dynamite explosion set off by segregationists in a Negro church in Birmingham, Ala. Subsequently, two Negro boys were killed in the streets. Five children were born, six died. Be it said to the credit of the country (God knows it needs moral credit these days) that the horror of the Birmingham killings was featured by the news media almost as prominently as the happy event in Aberdeen. The President himself deplored the bombings. A more eloquent declaration came from a freshman member of Congress, Charles Longstreet Weltner of Georgia. It is worth quoting in full:

> Mr. Speaker, there was a time when silence amidst denunciations of others was a positive virtue, but in face of the events on Sunday few can remain silent.
>
> Those responsible for the deed in Birmingham chose a Sabbath morning as the time, a house of God as the place, and the worshippers within as the victims. I do not know what twisted and tortured mind fashioned this deed, but I know why it happened. It happened because those chosen to lead have failed to lead. Those whose task it is to speak have stood mute, and in so doing we have permitted the voice of the South to preach defiance and disorder and stood by leaving the field to reckless and violent men. For all our hand-wringing and head-shaking we will never put down violence until we can raise a higher standard. Though honest men may differ as to means, can we not affirm as a great goal of this Republic the concept of equality of opportunity? Mr. Speaker, we need not so much new paragraphs on books of the law as new precepts in the hearts of men. We need to raise and to follow this standard, as old as Christianity and as simple as truth: "Let right be done."

The Southern racists will have their chance to do that, and so will the Northern racists, who have not yet taken to bombing churches. But the time is short. In Birmingham there have been more than twenty-two bombings of Negro churches, residences and places of business—and not a single arrest has been made. How long are the Negroes expected to turn the other cheek? The South may or may not listen to voices such as that of Congressman Weltner; those who need his prayer most are the least likely to heed it. If there is no miracle, if exhortation no longer avails, then one of two developments must take place. Either the Negroes will arm to protect their homes, their families and their communities, as indeed some Negroes have done; or, as Howard Zinn most earnestly urges elsewhere in this issue (p. 193), the federal government must use whatever force is necessary, including the occupation of Birmingham and, if that does not suffice, the entire State of Alabama. In fact, the federal government once did just that.

With Our Tongues Hanging Out

Nothing better illustrates the intellectual demoralization wrought by the cold war in American Government circles than the deals for foodstuffs our Canadian neighbors have been making with Communist-bloc countries. On the eve of the President's Conference on Export Expansion, Canada concluded her latest transaction—this one with the Soviet Union, involving 239 million bushels of wheat valued at more than $500 million. It brings total Canadian sales of cereals, skim milk, etc., to Communist customers to nearly a billion dollars for the past year. This billion just about balances Canada's trade deficit with the United States, and incidentally brings out the full idiocy of American trade policy vis-à-vis the Communist bloc, which is a bloc no longer. While the President is exhorting American businessmen to make exports a "priority issue," Canadian businessmen are doing just that.

Two hundred and thirty-nine million bushels is a lot of wheat, but it is only a fraction of the U.S. wheat surplus, which now stands at 1.2 billion bushels. Since the Soviets and the Chinese Reds have been in the market for wheat (and may be still), why doesn't Uncle Sam unload some of his stocks instead of paying millions for storage and losing part of the wheat to the rat population? It isn't for lack of will on the part of the traders: they "have their tongues hanging out," a government official is quoted as saying by Joe Western in the Sept. 18 *Wall Street Journal*. But, Mr. Western adds, "any feelers by Mr. Khrushchev to buy [wheat] just now undoubtedly would touch off a furor in and out of government. Critics of the test-ban treaty would probably seize on it as confirming their fear that the Administration made secret deals to get the Kremlin to sign the test-ban pact. Ultra-conservatives would be moved to election-year charges that the Democratic Party is soft on communism."

All except the wheat-belt conservatives, of course—their tongues are likewise hanging out. This is the sole note of sanity in what is otherwise political psychopathology in its purest form. Khrushchev isn't begging for wheat, he is buying it.

There is, however, one angle from which the inhibition on trade with the Communist ex-bloc makes sense. If, from the purest of motives, we desire to help our allies while declining to injure our enemies, then present policies make sense. For Japan and Canada, and more lately France, are moving in to supply the market in Cuba that once was ours: just as Canada

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and Australia are supplying the wheat requirements of China and Russia. This helps our allies but does not harm our "enemies," since they get from others what we refuse to sell. It is difficult to imagine a purer, loftier or sillier idealism than this. Khrushchev has said that we are no paper tiger, but in this case we are playing toothless dog in the manger, and that is a game too futile to be endured long by Americans parched and panting for markets.

Who Shall Watch the Watchman?

A seasoned observer of the American political scene recently asked: "Do the regulatory agencies protect the public interest, or have the foxes been set to guard the chickens?" Senators Paul H. Douglas and Ernest Gruening would certainly answer the first part of the question in the negative, particularly insofar as the actions of the Federal Maritime Commission and the Maritime Administration are concerned. Mr. Douglas (*Congressional Record,* July 15) noted that the balance-of-payments deficit for the first quarter of 1963 amounted to $700 million, corresponding to an annual rate of $2.8 billion (subsequently it has risen to about $4 billion). He noted further that the U.S. trade balance on steel has declined by almost $800 million since 1955, our imports having doubled and our exports having fallen to one-quarter. In part, this is the result of discriminatory maritime freight rates, a field which is under Executive jurisdiction. While he is conferring with business executives on how to increase U.S. exports, the President might well look into this bizarre situation.

He will find that it costs $33.35 to ship a ton of iron or steel pipe from a U.S. West Coast port to Japan, but only $18 in the reverse direction. The corresponding figures for angles, beams and girders are $31.10, westbound, and $15.50, eastbound. Eastbound between U.S. North Atlantic ports and West Germany the freight on pipes is $51.25 per ton, westbound on the same route, $18.75. In the case of twenty-six commodities other than steel which the Department of Commerce has designated as having "substantial export potential," outbound rates are approximately 34 per cent higher than inbound. There are also differentials in the other direction, examples being automobile shipments between West Germany and the U.S. and electrical goods between Japan and the U.S.; evidently a good deal of international conniving is going on, of which the American public knows next to nothing.

But the public is paying the freight, and not just figuratively. Maritime freight rates are set by international shipping conferences dominated by foreign flag lines, some of which are U.S.-controlled but prefer to pay their crews the lower wages permitted by the countries of registry. The Maritime Subsidy Board, which is under the Maritime Administration, which is under the Department of Commerce, has adopted as a general principle that subsidized lines should "comply with established applicable conference rates in any trade in which the subsidized lines engage." This applies whether or not the line is a member of the conference. Departures from this practice may be sanctioned, but the Maritime Subsidy Board will require the line to justify its noncompliance. Nonconformity would appear to invoke the risk of non-subsidy.

Backing Senator Douglas, Senator Gruening not only found "negligence, indifference to the public interest, and shameful performance" in this particular situation, but also argued that the whole question of regulatory agencies "is one of the most vital issues which confront the American people." To which Senator Douglas added: "I think there is a general tendency for the regulatory agencies . . . to become regulated and controlled by the very interests they were set up to regulate and control, because the institutions whose rates and services they control have great economic interests involved." If the New Frontier is doing anything about that, the results are scarcely visible with the unaided eye.

We Don't Need It at All

No one actually believes that the military draft adds to the national security. To the great majority of draftees, it is no more than a nuisance to be gotten over with. Not one of the military services has any real need for it. Congress doesn't like it, since it makes Congressmen unpopular when they try to defend it to letter-writing constituents. Its only function is to keep reminding people that the cold war is on and that at any moment we may have to spring to arms in the manner of Teddy Roosevelt or Mad Anthony Wayne.

The exemption of married men will probably not result in a tidal wave of marriages among the young; most of them have too much sense to get married for such a negative and sordid reason. But what of those whose minds work differently? There are already too many ill-considered marriages among the very young and badly educated—precisely those least qualified to make their way in an increasingly cybernetic world. Among the privileged, likewise, there are the reckless and irresponsible. To these groups, and others like them, the new regulations offer an additional incentive to marry in haste and divorce at leisure (after a pregnancy or two). At the same time, a significant number of men who would merely be inconvenienced by induction will escape service entirely, for no reason except that they were married.

For the President, it was one of those "something-has-to-be-done" situations. The manpower pool was growing too large for any conceivable use, even in a Third World War, which would be fought with rockets, not infantrymen. For several years, about 1,700,000 young men have been classified 1-A, of whom the Pentagon calls up 6,000 to 7,000 per month to supplement volunteers. As the babies of the World War II marriage explosion began to reach nineteen, the draft authorities knew that the pool was bound to overflow. When the impending problem was brought to the attention of the President, he dealt with it, not as a problem, but as a situation, i.e., something to be gotten

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out of in a smooth political fashion. This he accomplished by taking 340,000 married men out of the pool. If he desires to do the nation a real service, and not merely to side-step a nuisance, he will let some more steam out of the cold war and then throw his influence toward abolishing the draft altogether.

Reconversion and Automation

As the consensus that has supported the cold war begins to show signs of disintegration, some of the real problems of the society are starting to win recognition in Congress. Rep. William F. Ryan's bill (H. R. 8429), calling for the establishment of a Federal Commission on Automation, is one such sign. Under the Ryan proposal, the Commission would make findings on the economic, political and social effects of automation on employment, education, leisure time, politics, social relations, economic structures and foreign affairs; the findings would be reported to the President and to Congress. The merit of the proposal is that it is based on the assumption that automation is not merely another phase of the industrial revolution, but poses issues of far-reaching import and effect.

Still another refreshing example of the tendency to focus on critical problems is Senator George McGovern's proposal to create an Economic Conversion Commission to facilitate the shift from a military to a civilian economy. The special merit of this proposal is that it is offered in connection with a specific proposal. Senator McGovern has announced that he intends to advocate a $5 billion cut in the arms budget, which sum he would like to see diverted to any of a number of suggested civilian projects (construction of hospitals, classrooms, laboratories, libraries, the protection of rivers, lakes and harbors from pollution, etc.). A few years ago such a proposal would have been inconceivable; today it is merely impractical in the sense that it is somewhat premature. But favorable comment on it by Senators Clark, Humphrey, Randolph, Young and others, suggests that it may not be as premature as one imagines.

It is not alone the changed world outlook that has made the issue of arms reduction discussible; a more cogent consideration, perhaps, is the growing realization that the present level, and character, of arms spending is, as Senator McGovern points out, "not an unmixed blessing . . . as a stimulus to the economy." On the contrary, it has distorted the economy by allocating a high percentage of trained manpower, research and technology to weapons production at the expense of other industry. "Building weapons," as Senator McGovern told his colleagues, "is a seriously limited device for building the economy—partly because it cannot be counted upon as a permanent system and partly because a military item leads to no further production: it is an end in itself." It would be a miracle if either of these sensible proposals were to be approved by the Congress, but it is encouraging to note that two such critically important issues as reconversion and automation have begun to intrude on a Congress preoccupied with less urgent matters.

Irish Winds of Change . . . . . Carey McWilliams

Dublin

Winds of change at long last are undermining the wall of partition in Ireland and the ancient animosities to which it is a monument.

Even Britain — the architect of partition—is no longer keen about it. Partition was more than a divide-and-conquer tactic. The six Northern counties (Ulster), it was thought, were needed to "guard the northern approaches," but with missiles and jet planes, the need no longer exists. Moreover, British fears of Irish treachery, based on Ireland's plotting with the Germans in World War I, have vanished; the status of neutrality was scrupulously observed during World War II. Originally, also, partition provided a back-yard farm that supplied food at prices which the British controlled, but today the mutual economic dependence of Britain and Ireland could not be greater: each country is high on the other's list of best customers. At the same time, the North (Ulster) has become an enormous financial burden to Britain. The cost is in the neighborhood of 150 million pounds annually; 25 million pounds for farm subsidies alone, and these may well increase.

Today, forty-three years after partition, significant economic progress has been made in the South, while Ulster's economy is in the doldrums. Linen and shipbuilding, basic Belfast industries, are in decline. Since 1951, the unemployment rate has never fallen below 6 per cent and net emigration has averaged 9,000 a year. By contrast, the South's economy is expanding; emigration has been checked and the Irish are no longer "a vanishing race" (in 1962, for the first time, a population increase was recorded). Late marriages are still the rule but the age-of-marriage is falling. (To encourage early marriages, the press devotes an inordinate amount of space to marriage news; brides and bridegrooms are Heroes of the Republic.) Emigrants are beginning to return, often with acquired skills and fresh perspectives. Tourism is booming. Prosperous European countries — Italy in particular — are purchasing ever larger quantities of beef in Dublin and more Ulster cattle in turn are being purchased by Dublin buyers. Beginning in 1956, Ireland has pressed an industrial growth program (in the pattern of Puerto Rico's Operation Bootstrap) that has induced 160 foreign firms to establish plants employing 22,000 workers. New industries are offered outright cash grants up to two-thirds of the cost of fixed assets, including, if you please, the cost of training workers. Profits by new firms from exports are exempt from income and corporation tax, and free transfer of funds is permitted.

Labor is relatively cheap and

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available where it is needed; no new housing is required (fortunately no Irish urban area has grown beyond its optimum size). Ireland now has a fine infra-structure of roads, schools, municipal housing, harbors, airports and good bus and rail facilities. Government ownership of all transport, including air lines, and power installations, facilitates economic planning and fosters a mixed economy; in Ulster, by contrast, laissez faire reigns supreme. More important, foreign concerns manufacturing in Ireland are afforded a virtually unrestricted, duty-free, access to Britain's 52 million consumers.

Naturally the more progressive business elements in Ulster are beginning to be attracted by the idea of a 32-county — all Ireland — market. Naturally, also, German, American, Dutch and even South African firms are being attracted in increasing numbers. Should Britain join the Common Market, the Irish would have to go in too and should this happen, partition would be meaningless.

North and South, the die-hards are dying. The terrorism of bombs and border raids and boycotts has been replaced by an informal armistice and a new mood of conciliation is apparent, notably in the South. The 1916 and post-1916 generations were obsessed by politics; the new generation is preoccupied with economics. "The flood-tide of our national movement," writes Michel McInerney in the Irish *Times*, "ebbed as its aims were realized." The extremism which for 300 years has bedeviled Protestant-Catholic relations is gradually being replaced by more moderate, matter-of-fact attitudes. The late Pope John XXIII is said to have exerted a most benign influence on the Irish Church, particularly among the younger clergy.

Pride in Ireland's role in the United Nations has undercut the shrill nationalism of an earlier period. Radio and television are rapidly undermining North-South — and local — idiosyncrasies. A decline of 11.7 per cent in the number of Irish-speakers took place in the period 1936-1946; today Gaelic is falling off even as a second language. Censorship is abating. This summer the Bolshoi Ballet was accorded an enthusiastic reception in Dublin. Ten years ago, I was reliably informed, there would have been protest demonstrations. This is not to say that Catholic-Protestant "incidents" do not occur in the South, but the atmosphere has undergone a marked change. Protestant fear of Catholic persecution in Ireland proper is today clearly without foundation. By contrast, the Catholic minority in the North (450,000 out of 1,250,000) is subject to real economic and political discrimination; through a variety of devices Catholics have been denied fair representation at every level of government.

Economic and social change has in turn made possible a sensible approach to the problem of partition. For tact and shrewdness it would be difficult to improve on Prime Minister Sean Lemass' remarkable "hands of friendship" speech in Tralee on July 29. Reflecting the new mood of conciliation, Mr. Lemass carefully refrained from stirring up ancient animosities and fears. Within an all-Ireland constitution, the Six Counties could continue to exercise all the powers they acquired in 1921, "for so long as it is desired to have them." He acknowledged that the government and Parliament of the Six Counties exist with the support of the majority of the area, "artificial though that area is." And he expressed a willingness to negotiate whatever safeguards, "in reason," the North feels it might need in a reunited Ireland.

While not wildly acclaimed, the speech made an impression in the North. But once again the response was the same: the Six Counties are and must remain an integral part of Britain. Even so, the Young Unionists of the North are finding it increasingly hard to deny the reality, stressed by Mr. Lemass, that the Six Counties are part of Ireland. No one expects formal, *de jure* unification soon; but social and economic change will make partition increasingly anachronistic. Even today, North and South have a unified transportation system, the same language, the same currency and essentially the same judicial and administrative systems. The North's attitude, also, is less rigid than it appears to be. Devotion to partition varies in relation to class and social position; it increases as one goes up the scale. The Unionists have been able to stay in power since 1921 simply by stressing partition as the one great eternal issue. But one-party dominance has fostered a neglect of real social and economic issues which now begins to provoke audible mutterings of protest. Vested interests such as a higher scale of social services, farm subsidies and one-party political sinecures — the twelve seats which the North has in Parliament are all safe Tory preserves — are today the principal props of partition.

But vested interests aside, unification would clearly be an economic boon to both Irelands. The new industries which the South has attracted are mostly branches of foreign companies which could be closed with no great loss or inconvenience to the parent companies. Most of them are third-class industries, making trinkets, bikini swim suits, peat briquettes, etc., or are branch assembly plants. They are modest employers, with something like 120 workers each. And they have brought new problems. Some seventeen German factories have been established, including an unsightly crane factory in Killarney. Germans are buying good farm lands and off-shore islands (for summer estates) at a rapid clip. Already "incidents" have occurred. This August extra police were called out in County Mayo following the arrival of the first German family to holiday in Inniscoya, a three-acre island off-shore purchased by a German syndicate. Anti-German signs and slogans are painted on the walls in Newport. Irish trainees sent to Germany by a German firm with a plant in Ennis returned indignant at the treatment accorded them. Much of the wealth created in Ireland is foreign-owned and much of it flows out of the country. Patrick Lynch, chairman of the board of Aer Lingus, in a brilliant paper (*Studies*, Summer, 1963), warns that the next seven years will be critical for Ireland; it must expand or stagnate. Stagnation, of a chronic variety, has long been visible in the North. Therefore, since both areas must expand economically, unification would be a boon to both.

In the meantime, one can only hope that the South's expansion will be carefully planned. There are indications that it may be proceed-

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ing too fast — and in the wrong direction. Levels of income may not be as high as elsewhere, but Ireland enjoys a refreshing freedom from many modern social evils. By American standards, there is hardly any crime; with a population (1961) of 2,814,703, murders average about two a year. Growth is needed, but of a variety that will protect the social values that make Ireland the pleasant society it is today, and unification would facilitate a more sensible, cautious expansion.

Not so long ago Northern Ireland's leading Catholic and Protestant churchmen participated in a meeting sponsored by the Irish Association for Cultural, Economic and Social Relations (founded in 1938 to promote better North-South relations). The mere fact that a meeting of this kind could be held is an omen of things to come. If in time Irish Protestants and Catholics, who have stared at one another "like China dogs" since Cromwell's day, can be induced to cooperate, there is hope for mankind; for it will mark the end of one of the most embittered, ancient and senseless feuds on record.

The Battle-Scarred Youngsters . . . Howard Zinn

Having just spent a little time in Greenwood, Miss., I felt a certain air of unreality about the March on Washington. The grandiose speeches, the array of movie stars, the big names dropped and bounced several times, the sheer impress of numbers—all added up, technically, to an occasion that one describes as "thrilling." And it must have been so to participants and to the millions who watched on television. Still, while swept up in the spirit myself, I wondered if, to the Negro citizen of Greenwood, Itta Bena and Ruleville; of Albany, Americus and Dawson; of Selma, Gadsden and Birmingham; of Danville and other places, it may not have seemed the most Gargantuan and best organized of irrelevancies.

There was one relevant moment in the day's events at Washington: that was when the youngest speaker on the platform, John Lewis, chairman of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, lashed out in anger, not only at the Dixiecrats, but at the Kennedy Administration, which had been successful up to that moment in directing the indignation of 200,000 people at everyone but itself.

The depth of Lewis' feeling and the direction of his attack may have baffled Northern liberals, mollified recently by the Administration's new Civil Rights Bill, by its bold words and by the President's endorsement of the great March. But John Lewis knew, because the young SNCC workers in his organization are on the front lines of the conflict, that while the President and the Attorney General speak loud in Washington, their voices are scarcely whispers in the towns and the hamlets of the Black Belt.

Greenwood, Miss., just before the March, revealed in its own quiet way how the Deep South remains essentially untouched by resonant speeches in the national capital.

Surrounded by cotton plantations, Greenwood overlooks the Delta from a vantage point in west-central Mississippi. It is the headquarters for the Voter Registration Project, in which all the major civil-rights organizations cooperate, and whose working force is supplied mainly by the youngsters of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC — affectionately called SNICK). It is the seat of Leflore County, where Negroes are 65 per cent of the population and half the Negro families have an income less than $27 a week. Almost no Negroes vote, and attempts of the past year to register Negroes have been met with torch, shotgun and a dozen varieties of official brutality, intimidation and subterfuge.

The SNICK "office" in Greenwood is like a front company headquarters during wartime. As I came in one evening last August, having driven from Memphis, I was greeted by Annelle Ponder, whose younger sister I taught at Spelman College in Atlanta, and whose path has crossed mine several times in the last few hectic years. The Ponder girls are all tall, black-skinned and beautiful. Annelle has been in Greenwood this past year handling the Southern Christian Leadership Conference's part of the voter registration project. She is quiet and courageous. She has been beaten by police in Winona, Miss. When friends went to the jail one day, they found her sitting there, her face swollen and marked, barely able to speak. She looked up at them, and just managed to whisper one word: "Freedom."

With Annelle at headquarters were a bunch of the SNICK kids. One of them came forward to shake hands and we recognized each other — it was Stokely Carmichael, a tall, slender philosophy student at Howard University, born in the West Indies and reared in the sit-in movement. We had met in Albany, Ga., during the first outburst of trouble there in December, 1961.

What was on for the evening? A mass meeting at one of the Negro churches. And then a party at the home of one of the girls.

They showed my wife and me around the building: on the first floor, a big jumbled room for meetings, with a long table in the center — this was the dining room, too, for whatever voter registration workers were around when mealtime came — and a small kitchen to the side, where Mrs. Johnson cooked the meals. Upstairs were cubicles serving as offices, and a large area with two iron cots in a corner, for travelers in the movement. Cartons of books were on the floor; they had been donated by a Northern college, and were soon to go on new pine bookshelves.

At the church meeting, middle-aged Negroes who had lived forty

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and fifty years in the Delta without shaking a white person's hand came up to shake hands and say hello. Greenwood has this past year been going through that tense, hopeful process begun recently in many communities of the Deep South — the first contact on an equal basis with white people; an awakening to the possibility of genuine brotherhood. These first white friends have been college students from New England, or ministers from the Middle West, or just interested people passing through — rather than local whites. But it is a start. And among the SNICK youngsters manning battle posts in the Black Belt have been young white Southerners: Bob Zellner from Alabama, Sandra Hayden from Texas. It is a beginning, and credit belongs mostly to the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee for blasting open in various parts of the Deep South the first pockets of equal interracial contact.

For Southern whites, watching at the edge of these pockets, it is a painful but inexorable educational process. The first reactions to the sight of Negroes and whites in friendly contact are outrage, fury, often violence. But repetition of the vision dulls the reflex and there begins, not acceptance yet, but at least hesitancy.

Perhaps Greenwood police this past year have begun to move into the second stage. When a police car stopped my wife and me as we were driving away from the SNICK party, they seemed at least a little accustomed to the idea. They flashed their lights again and again into our faces and into the car, and cast looks at the house where the lights were on and the noise of the party could still be heard. They spent some time examining identification papers and then (unlike a previous similar experience in Atlanta, where my companion was a Negro and we were arrested) muttered for us to move on.

The next afternoon, a race against time began among the SNICK workers in the Greenwood office. Thirteen youngsters were in Parchman state prison farm, and had been there for two months. Forty-five other Negroes — men and women of all ages — had been on the county prison farm, also for two months. All of them had been arrested in June on charges of "breach of the peace." After much legal delay, release was at hand. A young lawyer, representing the National Council of Churches, had come to Greenwood with bond money for these fifty-eight people. But it turned out that information supplied him by local officials, and transcribed on the bonds, was full of errors, and the county attorney would not accept the bonds. If the transaction could not be completed by that Friday afternoon, the prisoners would have to spend another weekend in jail.

The proper information was quickly compiled, and all available typewriters and people who could type were assembled in the Voter Registration Project office. The new data were typed in. The papers were taken to the sheriff. Just before dusk on Friday the fifty-eight emerged.

The headquarters that night had the eerie quality of a field hospital after a battle. Youngsters out of jail — sixteen and seventeen years old — were sprawled here and there. Two of them lay on the narrow cots upstairs while a few of the SNICK girls dabbed their eyes with boric acid solutions; some dietary deficiency in jail had affected their eyes. One boy nursed an infected hand. Another boy's foot was swollen; he had started to lose feeling in it while in "the hot box" at Parchman, and had stamped on it desperately again and again to restore circulation. Medical attention was refused them in prison. The cold newspaper reports of the past few years about people arrested in various parts of the Deep South for demonstrating have never conveyed the reality of a Black Belt jail.

Three SNICK youngsters, with a tape recorder on the broken-down table near us, told about their arrest, and about life at Parchman. The first was Willie Rogers:

> . . . it was twenty minutes to one when the chief came out of his car and across the street in front of the courthouse. It was June 25th — Tuesday. The chief said, I'm askin' you-all to move on. We said that we were up there to get our folks registered. So he said, I'm askin' you-all to move on, you're crowdin' the sidewalk — the sidewalk was clear. We walked up to the courthouse steps so as not to block the sidewalk. He said, I'm askin' you to leave now. We said we came to get them registered and soon as they registered we would leave. So he started placing us under arrest — one by one. . . .
>
> We stayed in jail about two hours before trial came off, and the judge sentenced us to four months and $200 fine for refusing to move on, and about an hour later they came and took us to the penal farm, which we stayed out on the penal farm about a week and worked. . . . Tuesday, without us knowin', they had sentenced us to Mississippi State Penitentiary, Parchman, Mississippi. . . . Two boys named John Hanley and Arthur Jackson and I — he put us in the hot box. We stayed in the hot box two nights. It's about five foot nine inches square, which they call it the hot box. Long as they don't turn the heat on — with three in there — you can make it. There's no openings for light or air — there was a little crack under the door, but you couldn't see your hand before your face less you get down on your knees. When they got ready to feed you they hand the tray through a little door which they close — and then you can't eat unless you get down on your knees by the light comin' in the door — then you can see how to eat. And they had a little round hole in the floor which was a commode — about as big around as a six-pound bucket top. After we stayed in there those two nights, the sergeant started pickin' at me: "You're the lyingest nigger in Greenwood, aren't you?" I told him no, I didn't lie, which I had, because I didn't tell him nothing about the movement in Greenwood. . . . The last night he decided to take our T-shirts and things — so we decided not to wear no underwear. So he decided to open all the windows and turn on the fans, and the beds that we were sleepin' on, they didn't have no tick or nothing, just metal, and had round holes in it. So last night I didn't sleep — I stayed up all night and all day today and he came in right after lunch and MacArthur Cotton and I, we weren't saying anything, and the guards came around and handcuffed us to the bar. . . . I'm seventeen.
>
> . . . My name is Jesse James Glover. I live in Itta Bena, Mississippi. I was arrested at the courthouse in Greenwood — charged for likewise, not movin' on. Some of the older people with us, they moved on. But we didn't think it expedient to move, because the courthouse is a public place. So we stayed. . . . We had a trial next morning. We didn't have a lawyer. . . . We stayed at the county farm four days. We dug ditches in the white part of town. We decided among ourselves we

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weren't going to work or eat any more because we were afraid of being shot from a car passing the road or by one of the guards, because we were all working with SNICK. We didn't eat for two days, neither worked, then they came to take us to Parchman. There was about 25-30 policemen outside with guns and blackjacks and things standing around the bus when we came out — we all put our hands behind our heads and they searched us all, put us on the bus. So we left. . . . We stayed there a week and then I took sick. He didn't let me see a doctor. That's the man in charge. They call him "sergeant." We ate twice a day. At night they put the fan on and it was cold. We were sleepin' on a steel bunk with forty-four holes in it. . . . A week later I was put in a place called the hot box. I stayed in this hot box two days and a half. I was put in because Freddie Harris and Lawrence Guyot and I was whisperin' to each other. Another week I was put in the hot box again. I stayed there four days. About half a week later he said some lice had gotten in the place, so he cut all our hair and gave us some blue ointment and put fourteen of us in a cell — two beds for fourteen of us. We stayed there all night. About another week, I got put into this hot box again — he said we were talkin'. He put nine of us in this box — it's about six by six. Nine of us — we couldn't lie down. . . . Three or four more days they began to take our T-shirts and cut our food in half — so we gave our shorts back because we said what good are shorts without T-shirts. So they put us back in the cell, without our shorts, and turned of the fan again. We were naked. It was real cold. . . . The next day he put thirteen of us in the hole, this six by six hole. We were making it okay about 30 minutes with the fan off — breathing in this oxygen, lettin' out this carbon dioxide — and the air was evaporating on top of the building, and it got so hot the water was falling off the top of the building all around the sides like it was raining. One boy was taken sick in the box. They took the sick boy out — they didn't take him to a doctor — they put him in a cell for that morning. He let us out of the hot box that morning, back in the cell. We told everyone to keep quiet because we didn't want to get in the hot box again — it might cause a death in the hot box. So we all was quiet for a long time. Then a few fellows were talking to each other. He came down and told Lawrence Guyot, I'm going to put these niggers up to this damn bar if I hear any of this racket — so they hung MacArthur Cotton, Arthur Jackson, and Willie Rogers on the bars — MacArthur was singin' some Freedom songs. . . . Altogether, I was thirteen days in the hot box. . . . How did I get in the movement? I was at a mass meeting in Itta Bena. I'd been walkin' and canvassin' on my own. Bob Moses asked me, did I want to work with SNICK. I told him yes. So from then on I been working. Monday I'm startin' school, but in the evening in Itta Bena I'm going to get young people to work with me canvassing — teach the old people how to fill out the forms — try to get my town moving.

. . . My name is Fred Harris. He came around and said, you gonna move? you gonna move? And he frightened the old people. And when we didn't move he arrested us. . . . I stayed in the hole four days. In all I spent 160 hours in the hole — the hot box that is. He told me next time he found paper on the floor in my cell he would hang me up by my arms and my legs. And about a week after that I asked to see the doctor, and he told me, yes, when I die. I'm seventeen. I'll be starting school Monday. I got involved with the movement back in 1960, when SNICK came up. I was fourteen then. Sam Block was talking to me about the movement. I told him, yes, I'd be glad to help, and I started from there on. . . . At first my mother didn't want me to be in it. Then she realized it would be best for her and for me If I were in the movement, so she told me I could go ahead and work in the movement. . . .

Manchester Guardian

"Well what do you know, it does say something about Race, Color or Creed."

While the returned prisoners took turns lying on the bunks, SNICK workers were being delivered to different parts of the Negro section of Greenwood to announce a mass meeting that night to welcome the prisoners back home. You find, roughly, three kinds of SNICK workers in a place like Greenwood: two or three regular staff members, who make $10 or $20 a week — in those weeks when there is money; ten to fifteen students from various parts of the country who have left school temporarily to work with SNICK, and who subsist on $5 or $10 perhaps every other week; indeterminate numbers of young people from the town and the surrounding countryside, who volunteer their time, risk their lives and their liberty, and get an occasional meal at headquarters.

I sat in on the staff meeting next morning, held in the large main room. In one corner was a boiler, in another a rubbish can. On the walls were a map of the City of Greenwood, newspaper clippings on civil rights, photos of Pete Seeger when he was in Greenwood, photos of Jim Forman (executive secretary of SNICK). Scattered around were two typewriters, some broken chairs, books and newspapers and a big pot for Kool-aid.

But if poverty showed in the material possessions at SNICK headquarters, the human resources were something else. Chairing the meeting was Bob Moses, the quiet fighter in charge of the Voter Registration Project, a veteran by now of Mississippi violence and nonviolence. Here was Sam Block, silent, thin, dark, his home deep in the Delta, who did the early reconnaissance for SNICK in the area and almost lost his life for it. Here was Willie Peacock, also from Mississippi, another SNICK veteran. Annelle Ponder was here, representing SCLC (Martin Luther King's group); Martha Prescod, a slender college student from the North; Stokely Carmichael, the fiery young man from Howard; Jean Wheeler, a smiling coed, also from Howard. Here too was a former star student of mine at Spelman College — her home a little town in South Carolina — now just graduated from Yale Law School: Marian Wright. With her was another graduate from Yale, a young white fellow named Oscar Chase. (Chase recently wrote a valuable legal paper which shows how the federal government, by bold, imaginative use of the injunction, could fulfill its responsibility to protect the constitutional rights of Negroes in the Deep South.) In the room also was

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another of the increasing number of white college students in this essentially Negro-led movement — a California sociology major named Mike Miller, who has done impressive research on civil-rights matters. And five of the youngsters just out of Parchman jail were present.

That afternoon we drove in two cars to Itta Bena, a feudal cotton village outside Greenwood, where Negroes came off the land to meet in a dilapidated little church, welcome back the Parchman prisoners, and sing freedom songs with an overpowering spirit. One of the returned prisoners was Mother Perkins, fragile and small, seventy-five years old, who had just spent, like the rest, two months on the county prison farm for wanting to register.

Cars filled with white men rumbled by along the road that passed by the church door, but the meeting and the singing went on. Anyone who felt the urge got up and spoke. An old man rose on his cane and said: "All these years, going along behind my plow, I thought some day things would change. But I never dreamed I'd see it now."

Bob Moses told them that Negroes — and whites — were without jobs in all the big cities of the nation, that they could not run away any more from the Delta to Chicago and Detroit, that they must stay and wrench from the State of Mississippi what they deserved as human beings. Marian Wright told them a fable about an eagle that for a long time was told it was a chicken and believed it. Stokely Carmichael reminded them that while the Lord might be on their side, they would have to secure their rights by their own intense efforts. Meanwhile, the automobiles kept passing on the road outside.

The crushing conclusion that comes out of Greenwood, Miss. — and Selma, Ala., and Danville, Va., and Americus, Ga. — is that the federal government is but a shadow in the hard-rock places of the Deep South. Standing at the foot of the Lincoln Memorial, John Lewis turned his wrath, not at the easy target, the Dixiecrats, but against the Administration. "It is the *federal government* that indicted nine of our people in Albany." The Democratic Party, Lewis made clear, cannot be treated as a savior as long as it lives with Eastland, nor can the Republicans, harboring Goldwater. "What political leader can stand up and say his party is the party of freedom?" And then, the most dangerous question one can ask in a country boasting of its two-party system: "Where is *our* party?"

To many, the March had been presented as a gigantic lobby for the Administration's Civil Rights Bill, but Lewis pointed quickly, unerringly, to the weaknesses in the bill. Furthermore, by sponsoring a new civil-rights bill, the Administration had skillfully turned attention to Congress, and deflected the erratic spotlight of the civil-rights movement from possibly focusing on inadequacies of the Executive.

The straight, crass fact at which John Lewis was aiming is this: the national government, *without any new legislation*, has the power to protect Negro voters and demonstrators from policemen's clubs, hoses and jails — and it has not used that power.

Despite the welcome new words of concern by the Kennedy Administration, despite several dozen suits filed by the Justice Department in voting cases, the Negro in the Deep South still stands alone and unprotected as he tries to eat in a bus terminal, register to vote, or hand out a leaflet on a street corner. The right to vote, and freedom of expression, are not in themselves solutions to the fundamental problem, which is a rearranging of economic and political power in the South. But they are prerequisites to that rearrangement.

There is a constitutional rock to which the Executive branch can tie its lines and then smash, with all the power at its command, every Wallace, every Barnett, every Chief Pritchett, every Commander Lingo, every Bull Connor, who ever begins to lift a billy club at an American citizen exercising his constitutional rights. That is the Supreme Court's statement in the Debs case of 1895: "The entire strength of the nation may be used to enforce in any part of the land the full and free exercise of all national powers and the security of all rights entrusted by the Constitution to its care."

But to act on that dictum calls for certain traits which the Administration has thus far not shown: imaginativeness in the use of the courts; boldness in the exercise of Executive power; the courage to set new precedents in federal relations; the willingness to by-pass Congress on an issue about which Congress spoke its mind in 1866 — when it passed the Fourteenth Amendment.

Above all, it means changing to the offensive. Up to now the Administration has simply *reacted* to every racial crisis. Southern officials have thrown thousands of people into jail, and then put the burden on the civil-rights movement to get them out. The national government needs to *act*, and then put the burden on Southern segregationists to revoke the action; let *them* wrestle with courts, raise money for trial, plead for toleration.

The "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, the Supreme Court's statement in the Debs case, the declaration of Section 242 of the U.S. penal code that any official who deprives a person of his constitutional rights has committed a federal crime: these are the already-existing legal bases for Executive action. That action requires, first, stationing all over the South hundreds of federal agents (replacing the F.B.I., which is incompetent in the field of civil rights) to protect the constitutional rights of Negroes. These agents would have the specific assignment, and the authority granted by the President, to jail any local official who violates the Constitution.

At the same time, the President must begin filling—as he has failed to do so far — the federal judgeships of the Deep South with persons committed to the principle of equality, regardless of the wishes of the region's Senators. Among the outworn political institutions of this nation is that of "Senatorial courtesy," which requires Kennedy to consult Eastland in the appointment of a federal judge in Mississippi, Talmadge and Russell in Georgia. The shattering of precedent can start here. Then, a combination of quick-acting federal agents and determined judges can begin to rivet into the mind of the Deep South, *and into the mind of the nation*, not that Negroes are equal (that will take time), but that if they are not treated equally the consequences will be swift and harsh.

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When ten CORE and SNCC people, white and Negro, walked into Alabama to try to establish what Bill Moore, at the cost of his life, had failed to establish — the right to walk safely on a public highway — a cordon of federal marshals should have surrounded them. And when Alabama Safety Director Al Lingo showed up with his electric prod poles and guns, he should have been taken immediately into federal custody.

The burden of legal proof needs to be borne by the segregationists, and this has not yet been done. Any good lawyer knows that the advantage is in the hands of the man who moves first, that delay and bureaucracy and legal complications all work against those who are trying to *undo* an action. Yet the civil-rights movement, which cannot help it, and the Justice Department, which can, have been on the defensive.

The needed initiative is not likely to come from a government whose dedication to racial equality is as circumspect as that of the Kennedy brothers. It took a series of explosive crises throughout the nation to force from them words of moral concern that became part of the Constitution a hundred years ago. It took something close to a revolution to bring forth a moderate civil-rights bill, which will be further moderated by Congress, and by segregationist federal judges, and by a cautious Justice Department.

Basic changes are needed in the social structure of the nation before meaningful racial equality can be established. But in the Deep South, a prerequisite for such changes is the establishment of the right to vote, to organize, to speak, write and assemble freely and without fear of violence. That requires a radical new use of initiative and power by the national government. And because the Administration — and inherently, any administration — lacks the internal motivation for such a seizure of initiative, it will have to be prodded by the increased use of nonviolent direct action.

Right now, those who see this most clearly, feel it most intensely, and are best prepared to move on it, are the young people in the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee.

AMERICAN PLANTS ABROAD . . Frank Kowalski

American business is investing billions of dollars in industries abroad and moving its plants to foreign lands. Is this good or bad for the overall welfare of the United States? No one really knows, and that ignorance is itself alarming when coupled with a record $4 billion deficit in our international payments, with 4½ million people unemployed and a tax cut being proposed as a stimulus to industry.

The headlines are certainly disturbing: "U.S. Investment Dollars Pouring Abroad"; "Singer Moves Its Plant and Equipment to Germany"; "Smith-Corona Moves to a New European Plant."

During the years 1957 to 1960, production volume of American firms manufacturing overseas increased from $18.3 billion to $24 billion. General Motors and Ford now control 40 per cent of the British automobile industry and 30 per cent of the automobile industry of West Germany. Chrysler has recently gained control of 63 per cent of Simca, a major French automobile manufacturer. In 1951, General Motors manufactured 200,000 GM cars and trucks in its overseas plants. In 1960, this production went up to 800,000 vehicles. American manufacturers now control the major output in Europe of tractors, telephone and telegraph equipment, farm machinery, ball bearings, sewing machines, electronics and photographic materials and equipment. It is reported that in five years, 3,500 American industries have moved abroad; more than 50 per cent have chosen Western Europe.

It is safe to say that, given favorable conditions for export, most American manufacturers would rather make products here and sell them abroad. There is always an element of financial and political risk to operations in foreign countries. For one thing, foreign operations are subject to the whims of the government and the unpredictable emotions of the local populace. There is always expensive duplication of machines and equipment, and personnel is reluctant to accept prolonged foreign assignments. These operations often generate legal problems and they are always difficult to control.

The decision to manufacture abroad is often made because the company's markets are being threatened by foreign governmental restrictions or by competitive products. Governmental restrictions are generally imposed to conserve American dollars or to initiate or protect home industries. These restrictions are often accompanied by such profitable incentives that it makes good business sense for the American company to move its plant abroad.

I think, however, that it is false to hold, as some have tried to do, that American industries move abroad only because of the threat to their foreign markets. A number of our companies have moved overseas, not because they were losing their markets, or were even threatened by such loss, but because their studies showed that they would make greater profits by moving closer to their foreign customers. Not a few plants emigrated because they could manufacture their products so cheaply abroad that it paid them to close their plants in the United States and import their foreign-made products into the American market.

A new bigness is playing an important role in the recent accelerated movement of American dollars and industries to Europe. The new 170 million Common Market population offers a tremendous potential to business. Many of the European companies have neither the know-how nor the capital to exploit this huge development. There is a frantic search for dollars in the United

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States, and some of the European companies are willing to grant majority holdings to American corporations. In such negotiations our industries are not motivated by threatened markets but by the anticipation of greater profits. Libby, McNeill & Libby is taking over a canning operation in France because of the failure of French enterprise to meet the challenge of bigness. It is significant, however, that Libby, with extensive outlets in Europe and America, has promised the French Government to export 85 per cent of what it processes in France. One wonders how this agreement will affect Secretary Freeman's efforts to sell more American farm products in Europe.

The consequences of these moves overseas are not easily ascertainable.

On the one hand a good case can be made for the thesis that American plants in foreign countries stimulate the economy at home and increase our exports. Advocates of this position point out that since World War II our exports of finished manufactured products have almost doubled from a 1946-50 average of $6.5 billion per year to $11.4 billion in 1960. It is important to recall, however, that manufacturing in American plants abroad rose from $18.3 billion in 1957 to $24 billion by 1960. Who can say how much of that $24 billion market could have been filled by the same American companies manufacturing these same products in the United States? The question deserves the most careful examination by the most expert economic detectives.

All these actions and interactions are consequences of a vast lumbering world economy. No one really designed this economy. It grew like Topsy and continues to grow, taking on various shapes, expanding here and contracting there, functioning more like a living organism than a machine. It reflects the strengths and weaknesses of human endeavors throughout the world, reacts sharply to change and works under forced drafts from a variety of national economies. Our own economy is an integral part of this vast world structure—a very important organic part that contributes a great vitality to the larger organism and grows healthy or sick as part of that organism. We are, simultaneously, leaders in the development of a more satisfying human environment and slaves of a system that can crush the affluence we are trying to build.

Within this world environment the U.S. today is faced with a serious deficit in its balance of international payments. Reports based on records of the second quarter of this year indicate that the deficit in our international accounts for 1963 may rise to $4.2 billion. This is higher than the record $3.9 billion deficit for 1960—and we are in this shape after a two and a half year effort by the Administration to reduce our dollar drain.

Many factors contribute to this mounting deficit. A huge "export of capital" has been pouring dollars out of the country for years. American bank loans to industries abroad continue to expand and sales of foreign securities in the United States are soaring. Another major drain on the dollar is the responsibility the U.S. Government has assumed for defense and foreign aid throughout the world. These costs have been running at an annual rate of $2 billion for net military assistance and $1 billion for united foreign aid. The only bright spot in our international accounts is the favorable balance we have maintained in our overall trade. But here, too, there are clouds, for while exports are growing, so are imports.

For the purpose of this discussion it is important that we take a closer look at our total merchandise trade. In recent years merchandise exports have risen from $19.5 billion in 1960 to $20.5 billion in 1962. In the same period, however, imports have increased from $14.7 billion to $16.2 billion. Our surplus in these three years has fluctuated from $4.8 billion to $5.4 billion down to $4.3 billion, and it is predicted that it will decline to $4 billion in 1963. This is not a healthy situation. What is most disturbing is that there is serious doubt that we shall be able to expand our exports into markets already saturated by competitive products now being manufactured by American plants in foreign lands. Equally important is the question whether we shall be able to compete in the U.S. against the impact of these same American-financed products.

This situation is alarming because it is generally agreed that unless we are able to improve our balance of trade, the drain on the dollar will continue, with outflow of gold a dangerous probability. It could be that the unrestricted flight of American dollars and plants out of the country is working not only against the best interests of the people, but actually against the best interests of American big and small business.

What is especially frightening is that, while our own economy has remained sluggish, private American capital investments in foreign ventures have remained high at $3.8 billion for 1960, $4.2 billion for 1961 and $3.3 billion for 1962. (The heavy drop in investments for 1962 was the result of the skillful management of short-term interest rates by the Treasury Department and the Federal Reserve System.) Direct investments of American dollars in plant and equipment overseas have continued unabated at $1.6 billion a year. In the meantime, long-term portfolio investments of American dollars have expanded from $850 million in 1960 to $1.2 billion in 1962. Faced with increasing concern here and abroad over the nation's inability to balance its international books, the President in August took the precedent-breaking action of recommending to Congress the so-called "interest equalization tax"—a sales tax on portfolio transactions — which will make it more costly to borrow dollars in the U.S. This drastic legislation produced a violent foreign reaction, upsetting the market in Japan and causing a small government crisis in Canada. As a result, we made special concessions to Canada and promised to reconsider if the Japanese economy should be seriously affected. It is obvious that we have to do something about the heavy drain of dollars that we are experiencing, but few here or abroad agree on the remedies.

While the economics of the huge transfer of dollars and plants has received considerable attention, we are just beginning to see the political and social impact of these massive movements. Along with the blessings of rapid business expansions, new jobs and more money have come social dislocations and political grumblings. For the laissez-faire American business operations

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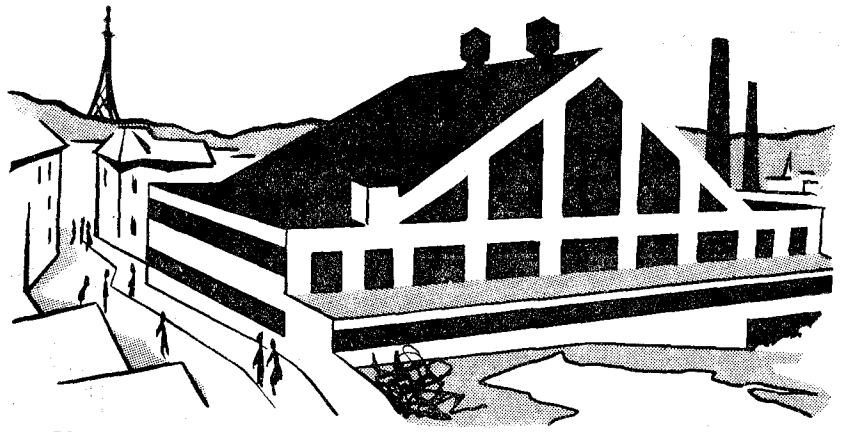
do not always mesh comfortably into the semi-socialistic economies of Latin America or Europe.

When General Motors (France) a year ago suddenly laid off 685 workmen at its Frigidaire plant in a suburb of Paris, it brought an avalanche of criticism upon itself and American operations in general. The French have a comprehensive national economic plan which enjoys general support from the people, the unions and the business community. Right or wrong, the French have credited their economic plan for their prosperity.

The layoff of 685 workers obviously did not affect the French economy, but French industry operates closely with the authorities. A French company would have consulted and negotiated with the officials concerned before closing its doors to its workers. General Motors, according to reports, executed the layoff in a matter of hours and with no outside consultations. The French newspapers were incensed at the "irresponsible" action of this American company and the Minister of Industries lodged an angry protest with General Motors. The grumblings went on for many days throughout France and tempers were further agitated when Remington Rand laid off 1,200 workers at its plant near Lyons.

In a different way, the Libby canning project has collided with important socio-political forces in France. In this case the French Government, after repeated efforts to get French interests to organize a modern canning industry, finally gave up and invited Libby to take over. The reaction from French farm organizations, Socialists, Communists and left-wing Gaullists was violent. The government had spent more than $160 million in developing the Bas-Rhone-Languedoc area and these French groups saw the Libby company reaping a harvest sown with French francs. As viewed by these French groups, the American company was not only an economic competitor, but was undermining fundamental French aspirations to establish a nationalized canning enterprise or a state-supported cooperative.

Today, American investments in France may be only an irritant to its economic planners, but tomorrow if a Labour government were



Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing (Scotch Tape) Plant, Paris.

installed in England, a socialistic British economy might have to come to serious grips with laissez-faire American operations in that country, and it can be expected that in the not-too-distant future American companies will have to operate their plants in conformity with an even more encompassing Common Market economic structure. Already European economists foresee an automobile crisis in Europe because of expansive American automobile production on that continent. We may witness American companies, which resent the slightest governmental controls in the U.S., manufacturing in Europe under national or Common Market economic plans.

How these international-oriented American companies meet these situations in the future will have important implications in the U. S. The actions of these companies can never be wholly independent of the interests of the American people. I am sure there will be vehement denials, but in a way some of our giant American-international businesses are already working against the declared interests of the U.S.

Wise or unwise, it is the policy of the U.S., for example, to isolate Red China from the world community. In accordance with this national policy we have prohibited American exports to the China mainland, and have urged our allies to limit their trade with Peking—at least we have asked them to curtail shipments of strategic materials and equipment. Not all our allies have chosen to enforce this embargo. Last year French trade with Red China amounted to $43 million. In September a French trade mission was scheduled to visit Peking with the objective of expanding this trade, specifically by selling chemicals and industrial equipment. No one questions the right of France to trade with whomever it pleases, but it is more than a probability that a large part of these export items will be made in American plants with American dollars. And it would not be difficult to find American plants in other foreign countries manufacturing for export to China or other Communist countries.

We must know more about what happens to the U.S. when our large corporations take on international responsibilities and obligations. What are the consequences of these huge transfers of dollars and outright movements of plants? What is the impact of these international activities on our jobs, our economy, our international relations, our national objectives? We would hope that this vital information might be developed through public debate and discussion. One could expect the major political parties to seek out answers to these questions and take public positions on the basic issues. But in the political climate today it is doubtful that either political party would delve very deeply into such controversial questions. Our governmental agencies are so compartmentalized that they are incapable of making a conceptual examination of the situation. And big business and the investors can scarcely be expected to give an objective appraisal of their own actions. Under the circumstances, one can only hope that such organizations as the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, National Association of Manufacturers, the labor unions, and our great research foundations will take a critical look at this unprecedented flight of dollars and plants out of the U.S.

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PTA: the Irrelevant Giant . . William C. Kvaraceus

The National Congress of Parents and Teachers, 12,107,507 strong at latest count, is the largest volunteer organization in the United States—with overseas branches in Puerto Rico, Guam and on other military bases in both hemispheres. It is also by far the largest and most important of the several conglomerate bodies that represent the thousands of local Parent-Teacher Associations throughout the country.

As a social institution, the P.T.A. has come to embody all the matriarchal clichés of the omniscient mother. But as a social force, it is moribund. From the inside, the P.T.A. describes itself as "non-commercial, non-sectarian and non-partisan"; from the outside, it appears also to be non-virile and non-viable.

Following the birth of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers as the National Congress of Mothers in 1897, fathers were invited to join and the name of the association was changed (twice) to accommodate their initiation into the P.T.A. rites. However, the fathers have never been able to overcome the handicap of their Johnny-come-lately status. The National Congress of Parents and Teachers, in reality, is still the National Congress of Mothers.

Today one-third of the membership of the congress is reported to be male. This imbalance is also reflected in the annual election returns for the office of the presidency of the local unit—of the 47,000 locals, only 15,000 are led by men. The female domination is most visible at the state and national assemblies. In the past, these meetings have been so saturated with females that one P.T.A. member was moved to boast proudly that two state delegations "composed entirely of men" participated in the 1962 sessions and that "50 per cent of the delegates from at least two other states were also men."

Looking more closely into the power structure of the congress at state and national levels, it becomes obvious how conclusively the organization has sustained its original female-ridden status. Among the ten vice presidents only one—Dr. Martin Essex, second vice president—is a male. The national chairmen of the twenty-five standing committees—the brain trust of the National Congress, covering such areas as Audio-Visual and Spiritual Education, Citizenship, Cooperation with Colleges, Cultural Arts, Health, Juvenile Protection, Preschool Service, Rural Services, Recreation, Safety, etc., etc. — add up to eighteen females and seven males. Similarly, at the state leadership level (including the District of Columbia and the European Congress of American Parents and Teachers), one finds nine males as against forty-three females.

It is true that the mothers dominate P.T.A. activity at all levels; it is equally true that the structure would collapse without them. Even if the women wanted to pass the ball to the males, they would be hard put to find one on the playing field. The question is, "How do you interest and activate the fathers?"

Men will not be attracted until the "tea-party, recipe-exchanging, do-gooder" stereotypes are erased from the organizations. True, the National Congress must be given credit for its role over the years in the development of kindergartens, school libraries, safety patrols, hot-lunch programs and certain mental-health practices. But so long as the P.T.A.s are perceived exclusively in these stereotypes, male boycott of the local units will continue.

Yet the opportunity has never been better for inducing male participation, first, because there has been a marked increase in the number and quality of men teachers in the schools, especially at the elementary levels; second, because the post-sputnik concern for improving the schools has developed a universal conviction that education is no longer the exclusive concern of mothers, that our very survival depends upon the quality of the educative process. If the National Congress could elicit, at every level of its organization, the active interest and support of prestigious and realistic males in the tradition of the Conants, Reuthers, Salks, Bernsteins, Stevensons, Larsens, Kings —to name a few of the contemporary Charlemagnes—it would not be difficult to get more fathers to follow.

The P.T.A., like all other volunteer organizations, operates on the principle of defending common interests—in this instance, the promotion of the welfare of children and youth via an improved and informed parenthood. Motherhood is the integrating force of the P.T.A.; the totem is the student-offspring. Adults in the community whose young are not yet in school, or are through school, do not join, nor is any effort made to enroll them. And, unfortunately, the frequent turnover in membership due to the constant movement of pupils from grade to grade and school to school prevents the nurturing of any close or deep relationship between the hyphenated parent and teacher.

It is significant that the P.T.A. flourishes mainly at the elementary-school level. It is weakest in high schools and almost nonexistent in higher-education circles, in spite of the national P.T.A.'s attempts in that direction. Motherhood, the P.T.A. and the elementary-school child form a natural triad. Lacking strong father participation and leadership, it is doubtful whether the organization's program could or should operate beyond the primary and middle grades.

Organizationally, the P.T.A. is a bureaucratic beehive. The local, or congress unit, is joined by parent or teacher. A city, county or area group of congress units makes up a Council of Parent-Teacher Associations. A district or region represents a geographical division of the state, and is set up for convenience in administering state congress affairs. The (state) Congress of Parents and Teachers bears a branch relationship to the National Congress (headquarters in Chicago). Any ambitious mother can find plenty of study groups, committees and offices to be joined or filled in this organizational multiplication.

Even though many P.T.A. objectives may not be achieved, there is no question but that at every level it does represent a highly func-

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tional social institution for women. It provides opportunity for the college-trained, career-frustrated mother to get away from the routines of kitchen, bedroom and bath and to invest at least a part of her energies in intellectual and educational activities. Whatever the P.T.A. accomplishes, as a by-product it will always provide a good outlet for the bored housewife.

All regular meetings within local units project the same musty aura. There is very little that distinguishes one P.T.A. program from another, whether you are attending a meeting in Boston, Buffalo or Berkeley. The typical P.T.A. meeting tends to waver uncertainly between entertainment and sugar-coated learning. There is always a heavy dependency on the speaker from a nearby college or university. A wide discrepancy exists between the program-in-action and the goals espoused. Briefly, P.T.A. purposes are:

1. *To promote welfare of children and youth.*
2. *To raise standards of home life.*
3. *To secure adequate laws for care and protection.*
4. *To develop united effort between educators and the public.*

These are laudable goals, but they are too broad and too abstract to be useful to the local unit. They must be applied in terms of specific local needs. The overemphasis on raising funds to purchase projectors, French horns, or furniture for the teachers' room, has given way to the raising of funds for student scholarships. Both represent serious effort to translate general objectives into concrete action. But they could also be carried out by any other organization. In reviewing its program, every local unit should ask itself: "What is the unique and special function that can be performed only by us?"

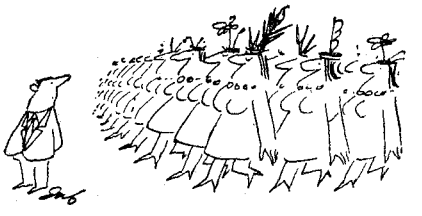
P.T.A. platforms for local action have always supported the sacred and opposed sin. Citizenship, mental health, safety, visual aids, school libraries have all received the unanimous support of the organization: lurid comic books, cigarette ads, sex in movies and TV have been targets for massed attack. Major controversial issues that might splinter the association have been deftly side-stepped. Recently, however, the P.T.A. hierarchy has proposed a resolution favoring federal aid to education. California and Texas, the twin P.T.A. giants, have rejected this stand. Some of the locals have abstained from voting, taking refuge in the thesis that the association should not become embroiled nor act as a lobby group. But most state associations appear more ready to endorse this controversial measure. The P.T.A. at every level may yet be forced to take a stand on this and other razor-sharp issues (aims and purposes of American public schools, censorship of reading materials, use of psychological measures in pupil assessment, family-life education, etc.) if reports of Birch Society infiltration of the P.T.A. units and school boards are true. Today an uncommitted P.T.A. runs the risk of becoming an educational irrelevancy. To prevent that, it can select a positive line for action, and speak out boldly and knowingly to become a determining influence in the improvement of public education. This will take guts and the ladies may not have the stomach for it.

Just how powerful is the National Congress? More than twelve million members who can be called up each month for noble purposes in more than 47,000 locals do represent a tremendous reservoir of human energy. But this power is still to be harnessed and directed with full thrust to the betterment of school, home and community. The National Society for the Study of Education in its 1962 *Yearbook*, "Social Forces Influencing American Education," dealt with the National Congress in a single paragraph as a middle-class organization having "upper-middle-class leadership and a middle-class membership." The fact is that the P.T.A. has never really tried to attract the economically and culturally deprived parent who stands most in need of school and congress aid. For the ambitious lower-class parent, P.T.A. membership stands as proof of an improving social status. Here is where P.T.A. effort could really pay off.

The National Congress represents the giant alliance among P.T.A. organizations, but it does not enjoy a monopoly. Major splinters include the United Parents Association of New York City and the Home and School Association, with strongholds in Baltimore, Boston and Philadelphia. Parents and teachers connected with Catholic schools affiliate under the wing of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

Defections of local units from the National Congress are rare; when it happens, the reasons usually center on the local-autonomy issue and the sending of annual tribute and tax to organizers and central office officials. The current Spokane rebellion of the P.T.G. (Parent-Teacher Group) is typical in this regard. It is unlikely that the Goliath National Congress will be felled by such slingshot action. But the congress may be shaken up enough to bestir itself to make a realistic reassessment of its objectives, activities and organizational patterns.

After airing some of my views on the P.T.A. in a speech on the West Coast and more recently in a national newspaper, the editor of the Wheeling *News Register*, in a fatherly editorial comment, suggested that I turn my P.T.A. mem-



bership card in right now. Well, I still believe that the objectives of the P.T.A. are important and that the organization can become a powerful vehicle for understanding and improving home, school and community. With more male leadership and followership, it might even become an agent for social change and reconstruction.

So I shall continue to pay my annual P.T.A. pence with the five cents deductible for the national office. There is so little to lose and so much that might be gained. And if I ever have a son, I would want him to grow up believing that he could become the president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

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The Aesthetics of Failure

Max Kozloff

Paris, like New York, is gorged with art. For years this fact has not changed, nor is it likely to. But what has altered remarkably, plunging down in the esteem of most onlookers, is the once unequaled achievement of French Art. It is not merely that the tradition of Gallic painting continues to evoke a bourgeois and hedonistic ideal of life which no longer bears on the realities of postwar experience. Much the same can be said of prewar French art. The more its past is penetrated, however, the more one encounters a dialectical tug in the work of the great members of the School of Paris, an opposition between such classical polarities as concept and execution, knowledge and impulse, nature and abstraction. We value in their work an overmastering sense of these antitheses resolved, and of the resistances they offered the creative act, manfully surmounted. Now, all that remains in the French capital of modern art's heroic period are fragments of the great argument, breaking themselves down into ever smaller gobbets of sensation, or vaguer generalizations. A vital and elastic thread of ambition has been snapped.

Precisely how this has come about continues to be a mystery, but there are conditions which define themselves as symptoms, if not causes, of the malaise. After a year in Paris, what impresses me most is a cleavage of morals between the French and American worlds of art. And the distance between them grows ever wider and more tragic. With us, faith in the work of art as a vehicle of self-expression, and expectation that it clarify some moment of historical consciousness, are axiomatic. Our responsiveness to art has ethical implications. Although we indulge our freedom to interpret them as perversely as we wish, artistic choices appear to us as do right and wrong actions, and therefore affect many more areas of our life than the merely sensory. In France, on the contrary, everything one sees and reads indicates that the French consider paintings and sculptures as mere things, decorative adjuncts to life, more or less well crafted. Dealing in this realm of objects, the artist has no choice but to attempt giving direct pleasure. Morality never enters the discussion. Put so bluntly, this contrast risks self-caricature, yet I have found nothing that explains better my observation that French art and criticism is locked up in a circular process of redevelopment, foreign to its own tradition, which it dehydrates, and to the dynamic of the *avant-garde*, with which it is utterly out of step.

Much of this has to do with the way the creative process is conceived of in France. As if there had been some mass amnesia, the French have erased all memory of moral tension in the creation of the work of art. It is beyond their imagination, for instance, that there might be elements of doubt or insecurity in a painting, or even a critic's perception of it. In France, an awareness of problems still unsolved never enters into the dialogue between artist and spectator. Not merely has a sensitivity to the explorative diminished, but hopefulness as to what art can accomplish, a feeling for the largeness of its scope, has shrunken pitifully.

The poverty of artistic input has brought trivial pictorial results. A picture is on a level of experience, whether it be by Brianchon, Mathieu, or Yves Klein (to go from the old guard to the progressive), not much different from that of a good meal. The satisfaction it may provide is as immediate and transitory, but probably less intense. At its worst, this hedonism results in a manufactured and impersonal product, characterized, say, in the infinite series of slightly varied pictures by Fautrier and Vasarely. Revealingly, France is the inventor of painting *en serie*, in which the aim is not so much to work through a variety of related problems, as to furnish an agreeable though montonous pavane of the same trade-marked configurations. The elimination of individual volition, the retreat from unpredictable breakthroughs or snags of a mind in free pursuit of its own potentialities, are the negative results of an art whose creative aim is to achieve a kind of visual Muzak. It is symptomatic of even advanced Paris art that its most interesting practitioner, Jean Tinguely, offers biting criticism of the scene simply by making its cynicism more overt. His "painting machines" — mechanical contraptions mimicking the act of painting with fitted brushes or crayons — jibe at all that is mechanistic in French aesthetics; they are also an illustration of it. There is no gloomier spectacle than the frivolous celebration of delight that decorates the walls of the Paris galleries, and its genial evocation in the French art magazines, radical or retrogressive. It is the height of pessimism.

Weirdly, an attitude such as this, if only it were more knowing and voluntary, might well justify itself in the early 1960s. In New York, where major pictorial problems arrive earliest and remain critical longest, art is menaced by a sophisticated impotence, an insatiable quest for the new, and a failure of nerve: cause enough for despair. An American environment which seriously considers canvases that magnify an ad for Campbell Soup seems lacking in the ingenuousness necessary for the creation of high art. Compared, certainly, to those of Andy Warhol, the premises of a *"tachiste"* canvas on the Avenue Matignon are exceedingly innocent. But a French painter is ignorant of any obligation other than to make an object that will sell, and become an acceptable article of decoration. American art cannot yet compete with this simple, but terrific, decadence. Juxtaposed with France, our basic optimism and youthfulness of spirit (which has pushed us into unimaginable complexities) reasserts itself.

It was perhaps inevitable that under de Gaulle's France materialism should have lost all the humility that was a necessary ingredient for the prewar "School of Paris." When it was in its great, uncontested stage, French painting constantly examined itself; now that it is menaced and bettered from many sides, the Paris art world no longer feels it can afford internal criticism. More relevant to

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Max Kozloff returns to his post as art critic of The Nation *after a leave of absence spent studying and writing in Paris.*

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this defensiveness has been the carrying to an extreme of a tradition which always depended on the nicest balance of opposing impulses. An appeal to the senses that had been tempered by a certain intellectual austerity has now been denatured into pictorial pampering, a sort of animal ingratiation.

Leaving aside the unspeakable corruption of the market and the press, overlooking for a moment the simple lack of visual training among writers, one is still unprepared for the absence of negative points of view in postwar French criticism. Yet, given the terms of their limited gratification, self-disparagement would be rude, or worse (since the French are not stupid), pointless. As a result, there now turns a vicious circle — meaningless praise following meaningless art which fosters meaningless praise again — all in an atmosphere of smiling bad faith. Add to this, categorical habits of mind which equate critical engagement with partisanship, remember also the lack of any healthy sense of crisis, and the pathology of French art life focuses more sharply. Cocteau, defining the decorative as anything not felt, could almost have been speaking about the directions of current art in Paris. They give every sign of continuing for an unpredictable time, and without anyone's raising his voice to say that they are the politics of apathy, the aesthetics of failure.

Complicity With Spengler

MAN AND TECHNICS. By Oswald Spengler. Translated by Charles Francis Atkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. 104 pp. $3.50.

THE HOUR OF DECISION. By Oswald Spengler. Translated by Charles Francis Atkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. 230 pp. $5.

Martin Peretz

One of the most curiously persistent intellectual controversies of the age is that involving the work of Oswald Spengler. True, the academic empiricists long ago relegated him to the ranks of the magnificently deluded, yet the specter of Spenglerianism recurs, as does a bad dream, to haunt our consciousness and conscience as well.

Somehow, and almost against our will, he continues to talk to us, to matter, suggesting even at times the gropings of an inner voice. But it is surely not without reason that there is no university history course in which Spengler is considered, save as a symptom. For symptom he is; and, as symptoms tend to be, this one too has been obscured by misunderstandings of both deliberate intent and subliminal fear. It is therefore all to the good that his publishers have kept the monumental *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* in print (though still squeamishly rendered as *The Decline of the West*), and have now reissued, after thirty years, his two last finished works.

Stuart Hughes, a Spengler scholar and himself a distinguished intellectual historian of the modern epoch, has argued the disreputability of these latter books. Certainly, they lack the vast, if perverted erudition of the *magnum opus*, and they are without the rigor of form which even one as wild as Spengler imposed on his *Decline*. And here are displayed, in almost quintessential perfection, the doctrine of inevitability and the mood of despair. I do not know that Spengler would merit a full-scale rehabilitation, though historians of eccentric or catholic temperament may still continue to find his poetry-*cum*-history suggestive. It is more to the point, I think, that what lays justifiable claim to our attention is his prophecy.

Not, of course, that its details have been borne out with any especial precision. And *The Hour of Decision*, at least for Germany to which it was addressed as manifesto, has long since passed. But Spengler's relevance impels itself precisely because, on some counts, the immediate past is witness and testimony to the general validity of his predictions and, more significantly, because on others—our explicit rejections notwithstanding—we have with him sought to give an ugly destiny "a helping hand."

Alas, the bankruptcy of classic liberalism is now all too apparent. Our assumptions about progress and national self-determination, for example—so tenaciously clung to in the face of massive evidence of their illusive character — now stand unmasked. The fruits of what Spengler so portentously called "the colored world-revolution" are more mixed, more bitter in fact, than we might, in the flush of military victories, ever have anticipated. Regardless of whatever he might have cherished from the Western past, it is certain that the traditional and particularistic values of European culture—the idea of the dignity of the individual personality and the commitment to political democracy — these are not easily susceptible to exportation and are hardly made safe by proclamations of provincial legislatures.

Indeed, Spengler knew with an agonized clarity that is now only dawning on our statesmen that the class war and the race war would soon and inevitably be one, shattering our sense of security and challenging, perhaps irretrievably, our hold on the future. For the movement eastward and southward of ideas and institutions

Martin Peretz teaches government at Harvard. He is writing a study of modern theories of peace and war.

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Current Titles of Interest to 'Nation' Readers

THEY'D RATHER BE RIGHT: Youth and the Conservative Movement. Edward Cain. Macmillan. $5.95.

As his title suggests, Mr. Cain examines the conservative section of our young college population. The appeal of such disparate figures as Buckley, Viereck and Ayn Rand is analyzed and attention is paid to the magazines and other channels which support them. The book suggests that the conservative appeal, though hardly a tidal wave, is not negligible; Mr. Cain teaches at the State University of New York; his study evolved from an article he contributed to *The Nation.*

THE MANAGED ECONOMY. Michael D. Reagan. Oxford. $6.

A carefully formulated reversal of the old saw that government controls have almost emasculated private incentive and free enterprise. Mr. Reagan, a frequent contributor to *The Nation,* contends that the concentration of economic ownership and influence vested in large corporations is responsible for making antiques of values traditionally associated with economic life in a competitive society. More important, almost every action taken by big business today has a public, political effect and sets a pattern for American economic life in this country, but the majority, which is vitally affected, plays no part in such decisions. The ghost of laissez faire, which continues to haunt much of the discussion on the subject, is also invalid because big business itself would be the first to cry foul play if it were encouraged as anything but a principle to be admired and safely ignored. "While small businesses are still permitted to die of natural causes, if a giant enterprise were threatened with collapse, government would step in to revive it, for the economy depends on the giants." Mr. Reagan concludes with some suggestions as to ways in which this continuing merger of private and public sectors can work to the advantage of the country as a whole rather than to that of a limited oligarchy.

THE SENATE ESTABLISHMENT. Senator Joseph S. Clark and other Senators. Hill & Wang. $3.50. Paper $1.50.

Senator Clark's address on the floor of the Senate in February has been cited as the most carefully documented exposé of the system used by a small group of Southern and conservative Northern Senators to control the Senate and its committees since Robert M. La Follette, Sr., raised his voice against the establishment fifty years ago. The text contains this speech as well as the ensuing debate which provoked statements from Senators Douglas, Proxmire, Mansfield and Javits.

THE ABOLITIONISTS: A Collection of Their Writings. Louis Ruchames. Putnam. $5.

Familiar figures such as Garrison and Phillips are included in this collection, but Mr. Ruchames has also anthologized some of the less celebrated members of the movement, including several Negro abolitionists. Most of the material has been selected from the 1830s and '40s, but there is a disturbingly contemporary echo behind these impassioned petitions for social justice. A group of quotations from this collection was reprinted as an editorial in *The Nation* of Sept. 7, 1963.

SOCIAL ASTONISHMENTS. David Cort. Macmillan. $4.95.

As readers of *The Nation* are aware, Mr. Cort ranges freely through almost every institution in the country, from supermarkets to San Quentin. The present collection chronicles his vivid responses to the American Kennel Club, the Kennedys, crossword puzzles, do-it-yourself sex instruction, J. Paul Getty, Bell telephones and many other aspects of America's lunar landscape. A number of the pieces first appeared in *The Nation.*

NELSON ALGREN'S OWN BOOK OF LONESOME MONSTERS. Nelson Algren. Bernard Geis Associates. $4.95.

Nelson Algren has brought together a collection of his own preferences in recent short fiction. Fifteen writers are represented, among them Jean Kerchkoff, Joseph Heller, Terry Southern, Chandler Brossard and Saul Bellow. *Among the Dangs,* the short novel by George P. Elliott, is included and Mr. Algren, whose essays often appear in *The Nation,* contributes an introduction and a story of his own.

that had evolved through centuries and been buttressed by highly developed technics was intended, once imperialism was in decline, as a congenial approximation of the Western historical position, as an act almost of sharing. It was, then, entirely in keeping with Spengler's stubborn belief in unique historical developments —albeit within the frame of iron laws—that he should have perceived new evolutions and new constellations of value and power, which our solipsistic notions of universal history were unable to project.

In final analysis, though, Spengler's is not the insight of variety. We are, all of us, he contends, at the dawn once more of an age of caesars and of petty mountebanks; and we are all faced with the threat of war. If, however, it was a lapse of his vaunting imagination to have seen power measured in terms of resources such as coal, he did see the ultimate uses of power as the ultimate expression of the Faustian predicament. It is, as regards this matter of technics, of peace as well as of war, that we have become and are, *mutatis mutandis,* Spengler's allies and accomplices. The struggle of the machine against nature, the absolute of engineering, is the universally embraced *Zeitgeist.* The immense toll in the essential human quality of man, which Spengler foretold and thus welcomed, emerges as indisputable. It is this newer universal history, crude and without sentiment, driven as by scorpions, which obliterates distinctions and may be the first and final inevitability.

Perhaps not—but only if we recognize our complicity in the crimes against ourselves. Which is to say that we must stop quibbling with Spengler's facts. Spengler did not know the difference between fact and truth, and by arguing the detail we too miss the point. For the facts in outline are correct, or sufficiently correct: we are what they are about. Toward the very end of the eleventh hour, then, only a massive repudiation of the facts in behalf of older and

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inner truths can steer us away from Spengler's capitulation. And if what separates truth from fact eludes our grasp, then perhaps we are damned at that.

Heaping scorn on him, reviling him as a Hitlerian in order to avoid his fate, does not do the trick. In any case what one scholar said of Hegel is equally true of him: on the day of Hitler's ascent to power Spengler so to speak died, and not at all because his books were banned. Spengler—like Nietzsche for a time—no longer seemed to threaten us because, despite his profound conflict with the Nazis, we could now conveniently view the Third Reich as his vision incarnate. Having proudly distinguished between the civilized and the barbarous, we could no longer see beyond his acceptance of "the destined end" into the severely critical rub of Spengler's thought, gnawingly critical of us as well as of them.

LETTER from SAIGON

On the surface and at a first glance, the capital of Vietnam is an intriguing and enchanting city, resembling in many ways a French provincial town at the turn of the century. With its mixture of Asiatic and European influences, Saigon once perhaps had even true splendor; but today the luxury hotels and other establishments, all showing Mediterranean influence, with tiled floors, high-domed ceilings and impressive pillars, are sadly down at heel. While the waiters are still clad in uniforms, their gold braid is now frayed, their trousers are worn and baggy and the formerly impeccable whiteness has turned a soiled oyster gray.

Because of the danger of grenades and bombs, the out-door cafés have been pulled inside, leaving the sidewalks bleak and empty. The hotels, public buildings and former French mansions, which caused guide books to refer to Saigon as the Paris of the Orient, are confined to about five streets and a few residential blocks. The rest of Saigon is Chinatown. All along the banks and tributaries of the Saigon River miserable shanties abound — dirty, disreputable shacks and sampans—with uncountable hundreds of people, many of them refugees from the North, herded together in unbelievable filth. In spite of an elaborate sewage system, quite rare in

The author of this letter is an American civil employee of a U.S. agency in Saigon. Therefore anything published over his name would have to be officially cleared and, since such clearance is at present virtually impossible, he has asked that his identity be withheld.

LIBERATION

"What counted most at the Lincoln Memorial was not the speeches, eloquent as they were, but the pledge of a quarter million Americans, black and white, to carry the civil rights revolution into the streets. Our task now is to fulfill this pledge through nonviolent uprisings in hundreds of cities..."

Bayard Rustin in the October *Liberation*

The editors of *Liberation* are Bayard Rustin, A. J. Muste, Dave Dellinger and Sidney Lens, men whose names recur time and again whenever struggles for civil rights, peace and economic justice are reported. *Liberation's* editors and contributors are leaders in many of the organizations of protest, yet *Liberation* remains independent. *Liberation* is radical, fully committed to the revolutionary challenge of nonviolent direct action.

Articles in the most recent issues have included "The Quaker View of Sex," excerpts from the controversial study by the British Quakers, with comments by Paul Goodman and Gene Hoffman; "The Negroes of Birmingham," first-hand reports by Dave Dellinger and Barbara Deming; "Peace Strategy," with contributions by A. J. Muste, Homer Jack, C. V. Parkinson, Robert Pickus and others; "Seeds of Liberation: The March," by Kay Boyle and John Lewis. Among forthcoming material are excerpts from Nat Hentoff's biography of A. J. Muste, *Peace Agitator*, which will later be published by Macmillan.

I am aware of no more important magazine in America than *Liberation*. It is important because it is radical in the denotative sense of the term. *Liberation* tries — and often succeeds — to get at the roots of our most basic problems. It is the most stimulating and least comforting magazine I know.
NAT HENTOFF

The nonviolent revolution in this country must have a journal which can be relied upon for sympathetic coverage and perceptive analysis. *Liberation* is that journal and as such is indispensable reading for all of us. **JAMES BALDWIN**

Other regular contributors to *Liberation* include Edmund Wilson, James Baldwin, Karl Shapiro, Erich Fromm, Linus Pauling, Kenneth Boulding, Theodore Roszak and Staughton Lynd.

If you enclose payment with your order, you will receive a free copy of Albert Camus' classic study *Neither Victims Nor Executioners*, a *Liberation* reprint paperback.

New subscribers may also obtain, at the special price of $1, *Drawing the Line* (Random House), which Paul Goodman has stated contains some of his best work and parts of which originally appeared in *Liberation*.

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the Far East, no other city anywhere appears equally dirty. When a fire breaks out, a frequent occurrence, thousands become homeless in minutes.

In addition to the old French section, now occupied largely by Americans and a few of the *nouveau riche* Vietnamese, a number of new residential suburbs have sprung up, occupied mostly by the higher-up Vietnamese civil servants, politicians and members of the professions. These structures are ultra-modern, rather extreme in design; they are put together with incredible speed and are so jerry-built that structural changes can be made in them as easily as an American housewife changes furniture around. A four-room apartment in one of these buildings rents, unfurnished, to Americans for a minimum of $200 a month, plus $50 for an air conditioner, plus $50 for a tiny hot-water heater, plus a flat rate of about $60 for electricity, even though city power is shut off three days a week.

A typical French villa, appropriated when the French fled, rents for approximately $400 a month, plus utilities. But a number of fine French houses stand empty because their absentee owners would have to pay such a high tax that they prefer to leave the houses unoccupied. The old French hotels are now under Vietnamese Government ownership and, were it not for the presence of U.S. military personnel and other government employees, would most likely be completely empty.

Three totally different price structures exist side by side: one for Americans, one for French and one for Vietnamese. An American who first sent his maid, then a Frenchman and finally went himself to purchase a pair of shoelaces found that they cost the equivalent of 1c for his maid, about 5c for the Frenchman and 15c for himself. An average meal at a French-type restaurant is around $2, but in a more elaborate place a full-course dinner can easily run as high as $10.

Domestic workers, maids, cooks, et al., earn around $20 a month and trained white-collar workers from $50 to $70 a month. Apartments occupied by Vietnamese are at least as pleasant as those occupied by Americans, yet rent for only $15 to $20 a month!

Americans in Saigon are reminded daily, if not hourly, that they are guests here and most of them are not only fully aware of this but are happy to behave as guests. That the Vietnamese should treat the Americans as befits a good host is never even vaguely implied, and no trace of gratitude is ever shown to the Americans who are spending about $1,500,000 a day.

What does emerge is a mysterious old Chinese legal tradition, differing as night and day from our home-grown ideas of justice. Here is a typical example: An off-duty serviceman takes a taxi to town. Halfway there, his cab is hit broadside by a big Vietnamese army truck. The American authorities haggle for days and finally manage to settle the incident by paying for a new cab and a new truck. After all, if the American had not taken the cab and passed that particular corner at that time, the army truck could not have hit it; so without the American, neither the cab nor the truck would have collided.

Driving a car in Paris is chaotic, in Tokyo it's hazardous, but in Saigon it's plain suicidal. Bicycles, tricycles, motor bikes and scooters, taxis, horses and other animals all crowd together in the streets. Modern traffic signals, manually operated by policemen, are placed at major intersections, but they are hidden from view as if designed to be ignored. Vietnamese drivers rarely stay in traffic lanes and habitually pass on the right, cutting in front to make a left turn. The intricate system of one-way streets is changed daily; the arrows are mobile and the police move them without apparent coordination. One seldom takes the same route two days running between home and office. Only one highway leads out of the city; it is a four-lane, multimillion-dollar U.S. job, and ends abruptly in the nearby countryside. All other city exits are completely road-blocked.

In almost every other country where we have established ourselves, we have built bases, posts or installations; but in Vietnam, since we are supposedly here for but a short time and in an advisory capacity, we have not wanted to put up real bases or posts. As a result, the Saigon PX and commissary are in one part of town, the dispensary in another, the military movie house some place else. Officers and men are housed all over town in whatever mansion, warehouse, garage or unused hotel was available, usually at exceedingly high rent.

The only area where the law applies equally to local residents and foreigners is in the application of Mme. Nhu's austerity and morality regulations. What it boils down to is that almost everything is immoral and therefore illegal. Americans may pay high prices for cheap drinks in miserable little local bars, but dancing is not allowed and even the music is heavily censored. A few lucky ones managed to bring their families along; they live in rather plush villas with two or three servants and are able to entertain almost lavishly at home. Morale among the rest of the troops is perhaps the lowest of any such American group ever stationed abroad.

The turnover in personnel is considerable and there is no continuity of work or society. Many of the troops are assigned on a thirty to ninety days' temporary duty basis. Just about when they have mastered the regulations covering their jobs they are on their way home and new temporary replacements start the same routine.

Some men find themselves here on

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a two-year tour of duty and resent it. Everyone is complaining and at loose ends; perhaps underneath all the griping everyone is a little afraid. Although we are in Vietnam merely as advisers, we nevertheless have a steady incidence of casualties. Sometimes it's difficult to reconcile our neutrality with our record of dead and wounded.

On the brighter side, there is one country club in Saigon, started years ago by the French. A good many Americans belong to it and at least the swimming pool is quite enjoyable. Once upon a time it must have been a marvelous club and traces of lovely landscaping are still in evidence. The plant has two main buildings, one near the pool and one next to the tennis courts, but this does not indicate their use by swimmers or tennis players: the majority of Americans prefer one building, while the other is used by the French and Vietnamese. There is an impressive, musty library with French books and magazines, usually quite empty, and the dining room is as large as a big banquet hall. Since dancing is prohibited, dining there becomes a gloomy and depressing affair.

Saigon can be recommended for a three-day stopover on a world cruise, just long enough to see the monuments, the zoo, the museum, to taste a few strange meals and to admire the native women's costume: black silk, now mostly nylon, pyjama pants worn under a long Chinese sheath dress slashed on both sides from waist to ankle; and a short, Chinese-cut pyjama top. Most women wear a conical straw hat tied under the chin with a silk ribbon.

Vietnamese women have an extraordinarily beautiful and graceful bearing. But even here Western influence is encroaching, and on a Saturday afternoon in the downtown areas and in the parks many of the younger women can be seen wiggling about in very short, skintight, sleeveless Western cottons. Oddly enough, they still wear native dress to work, where Western clothes would probably be more comfortable.

Local conditions at present resemble Nazi Germany more than life in a sector of the democratic free world. If more than ten guests are invited to a party, police permission must be obtained. The foreign currency and import-export regulations, as well as the favored exceptions, are fantastic. In spite of officially declared austerity, the palace is being rebuilt at this moment at a cost of many millions.

A limited number of American automobiles can legally be imported. The insurance premiums on these cars are paid in dollars against possible claims in dollars. Between the dock and the local warehouse all movable parts are frequently stolen and eventually the insurance company pays in dollars for the missing parts. The government takes these payments and refunds the car agency in local currency, but does not grant conversion for replacement of hub caps, car radios, lighters, etc.

There is much talk about budding new industries. As of this moment all that can be found is some plastics industry and an auto-battery factory, protected by an import ban. The cost of a standard, locally manufactured 6-volt battery is $43. It is not surprising that almost nobody in Saigon drives with lights on at night!

Local handcraft consists of rattan and basket work, by and large inferior in design, quality of workmanship and selection to that of the Philippines, Formosa and Japan, and the prices are not favorable either. Fine silver work and egg-shell lacquerware, perhaps the most beautiful in the Orient, is made here, but it is extremely expensive. A pottery school at Bien Hoa and some local plants produce interesting work, but again the prices are relatively high.

Everything in Vietnam is confusing to a non-native and our multiplicity of services, agencies and objectives add to the confusion. We have dozens of units, services, agencies and representatives, all fighting among themselves for some sort of dominance.

Each little outfit has an entirely different idea of how long we are to remain in Saigon. Some go in for large-scale, helter-skelter, short-term planning; anything that can produce results in sixty days is approved, while anything that takes longer gets shelved. Other departments let the present needs go by the board and concentrate on planning for the years to come.

Many of our administrators and their harassed staffs, fighting an inter-agency paper war among themselves, hope that much of the confusion about our aims and policies will end once Ambassador Lodge takes full command of the American mission in Vietnam.

MUSIC: European Report II

Benjamin Boretz

After having been so pessimistic about European music in my last column, it seems only fair to devote some space to a more enlivening aspect of the situation. But I hasten to add that the only really original and imaginative (as distinct from just professionally competent) ideas I encountered in connection with any musical event in Europe were not in the musical domain proper, but in the realm of operatic staging and scenic design, specifically in some of the productions created by Wolfgang and Wieland Wagner for this summer's Wagner repertory at Bayreuth.

I was prepared to find the musical standards there also quite high, since I had heard remarkable orchestral ensemble and vocal-instrumental coordination on recent Bayreuth recordings. On the strength of these, I hopefully engaged myself to spend eight days immersed in the soggy Bavarian *gemüt* that prevails in the *Stadt* Bayreuth itself, but the performances I heard were disappointingly variable, at no time even approaching the tight discipline of either the German or Italian companies of the Vienna Staatsoper, and occasionally even sagging within reach of the wobblier moments at our own treasurable but wobble-prone Metropolitan.

The qualities of the stage direction, however, derived from the extraordinary awareness displayed by both of Wagner's grandsons of the functional relationship between events and ap-

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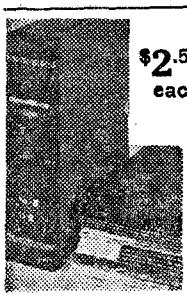

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pearances on stage and those in the scores. In particular, their approaches were always guided by the realization that the pace of the musical and dramatic action must be carefully coordinated with stage movement to bring out the complementary properties of all dimensions as a formal totality. Wagner was, of course, not only quite in earnest, but deeply resourceful in devising the correlated analogical structures that make up the different domains of his *Gesamtkunstwerk* — which, it clearly appeared at Bayreuth, had specific meaning to him as a set of formal problems requiring rational and empirically valid solutions, rather than solely as a suggestive or propagandistic slogan. In short, the Wagners direct Wagner as if they believed that he knew what he was doing, and the results are far beyond anything dreamed of by the usual directors who imagine that the only way to prevent the "slow" pace from putting everybody to sleep, and the ludicrous mythology from embarrassing them, is to provide diversion with a great deal of rapid movement and naturalistic stage business that only serve to caricature and actually exaggerate the slowness and the incongruity.

Thus, Wolfgang's production of *Das Rheingold* paralleled the very special harmonic imagery and rhythm of the work with changing patterns of figures on stage (mostly in various representations of a basic sword shape), and a palpably structural rhythm of color change using degrees of monochrome, as well as consistently identified color elements, to build a formal statement. The suspended, ring-shaped saucer on, under and around which the action took place, was not only obviously appropriate symbologically, but also changed shape, from a smooth, full circle to segmented parts, in a rather broad image of the overall musical design. The rest of the *Ring*, however, was on a considerably lower level, as the gravity tended to become stasis and the naturalistic "relief" too veristic.

The most interesting productions were the *Meistersinger* and *Tristan* directed by Wieland, who approaches the operas' structure without the literal mirror symmetries of Wolfgang, and poses instead precarious contrapuntal balances between elements that are astonishing when they succeed; the third-act collapse of Tristan, with the sudden coincidence of orchestral tremolo, Tristan's body trembling and bent, and the wavering shape of the vocal line was an unforgettable indication of the kind of total impact that musical-dramatic form can achieve.

On the other hand, there is a certain unmistakable tendency toward chic and pretension in Wieland's work; *Tristan's* single "abstract" fin-shape set was a hint of this, although it did serve as a unifying shape for first-act sail, second-act tower, third-act rock and general yin-yang symbol. But the *Meistersinger* production came dangerously close to preciosity, despite its daring inspiration of turning Wagner's quite unfunny comedy into a spoof of itself where it is least supposed to be comic. It was a delightful idea, nearly brought off; in fact, it was defeated only by the unself-critical moments like the overdone caricature of the *Meistersinger* procession and, in fact, by the imbalance created by the director's spoofs being better than Wagner's own. The one incomprehensible *gaffe* was the decision to throw away the most inspired stroke of staging built into the whole opera—the suddenly quiet aftermath of the contrapuntal imbroglio at the end of Act II. Here, keeping the whole crowd on the stage for near-sighted low-comedy byplay with the night watchman, was incongruous with the orchestral emptiness. But these flaws still did not diminish the invention exhibited in the Dürer colors and tableaux, and the Breughel crowd configurations, however lightly they may have glossed the deeper structural issues of the opera.

Perhaps, it is simply a further symptom of the general European musical condition that the conductors involved either ignored or actually opposed the efforts of the Wagners to maintain a lively and intelligent approach to a tradition that by its very nature is prone to sanctimonious moribundity.

But a highly encouraging indication that the Wagners' insight into Wagner's work is genuine is the rumor that the Bayreuth repertory is about to be expanded by the works of other composers—not those which would be acceptable to musical "traditionalists" on the basis of their literal imitations of Wagner, but Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*, Berg's *Lulu* and Schoenberg's *Moses and Aron*, works which continue the essential Wagner tradition by exploring and posing serious hypotheses regarding the problems of music drama to which the self-demanding efforts of Wagner's own life work were directed.

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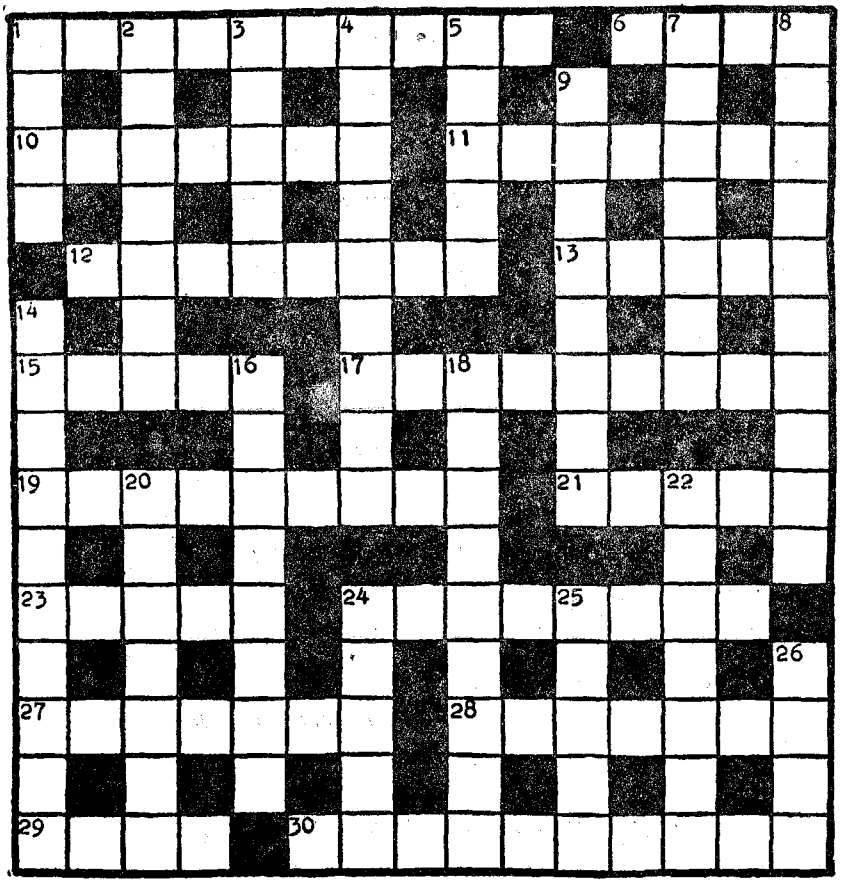
Crossword Puzzle No. 1026

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 How to make folding money in the theater? (6, 4)
6 See 24 across
10 Say, did you get cleared out of it?
11 Obtained from phials of opium, or phials of similar medicine? (7)
12 Makes its errors in another way, obviously! (8)
13 Not having met its match? (5)
15 and 21 across Leave-taking at dances seems to call for seafood, according to some. (6, 4)
17 Opposed to *ad libitum*? (9)
19 How to get riled up, on something that Poe carried out to the letter. (9)
21 See 15 across
23 Gout's not likely to be accepted with such enthusiasm. (5)
24 and 6 That gangster who lives nearby, or at least in the vicinity? (12)
27 Making a fuss over, or just causing trouble with the band? (7)
28 Breaking up the beverage cartel? (7)
29 One sees through them right in the review, perhaps. (4)
30 A rather impressive circle, though he gets none out of it. (10)

DOWN:

1 Is one dead by comparison? (4)
2 Cut in on an affected fervor in utterance? (7)
3 Little beyond all others? (5)
4 Analysis of the folk-dance? (5-4)
5 How some prefer their sugar plums? (5)
7 Most of you know what her pansies were for. (7)
8 Current charger? (Spoiled by father's rod, it seems.) (5, 5)
9 He certainly rakes in the money! (8)
14 Does one get out of saying "Thank you" for one's food? (10)
16 Is El Greco no Michelangelo? (You'll see such things are only a matter of money!) (8)
18 With this game, lamb suffers! (9)
20 Put back the remainder with your deposit, possibly. (7)
22 Does it give one a feeling the motion is losing this? (7)
24 A little such music of Mozart? (5)
25 He a thinker? Not one leaving an impression of waste! (5)
26 Molding opinion in the form of a mild expression? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1025

ACROSS: 1 Overbearing; 9 Downbeat; 10 Sapped; 11 Brusque; 12 Berlioz; 14 Shrink; 15 Alter ego; 17 Ringneck; 20 Litter; 22 Bagpipe; 24 Astoria; 26 Denier; 27 Rara avis; 28 Star chamber. DOWN: 2 and 23 Vanishing point; 3 Roebuck; 5 Respect; 6 Nepal; 7 Fourth; 8 Belong; 13 and 4 Back seats; 16 Rationale; 18 Images; 19 Emperor; 20 Lustrum; 21 Elicit; 25 Arch.

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